and lost. Night had come in, and in the old gray church of on Zoyland 500 of the beaten reb-

els lay imprisoned.

The scene inside the church was awful in its weird impressiveness. It might have been a garge of the lost souls in the Inferno. The lurid glare of a few torches which were stuck at intervals against the pillars revealed the forms of men sitting andlying on the ste and floor in every attitude of deion and despair. Up and down the is the iron shod heels of the senrang upon the pavement. greater part of the pris-were silent, or only meaning with praying; one was raving, mad with eror. And, in truth, he and his comions had good cause for fear, for their conqueror was Feversham, the general of the Royalist, whose only mode of dealing with a rebel was to hang or shoot him without more ado, and who was only waiting for the daybreak to begin the work of slaughter. A few only kept their resolutionther in the shadow of the pulpit eps. Both these men had been con-icuous in the fight, and both knew ell that they must die at daybreak.

The elder of the two was a man of about 35, with powerful thick set frame, and strong and rugged features; a bad man to have against one, one might say. He was by trade a horse breaker, and break in the wild colts of the marsh. His companion was some six or eight years younger. His figure was tall and slight, but finely made, and his face was singularly handsome. He was the swiftest runner in the west of England, perhaps in the whole kingdom. His name was David Dare; that of the elder man was John Quixarvyn. Both were natives of the town of Axbridge, but, until the day before, they had been strangers to each other. Chance had made them comrades in the contest, where they had fought side by side and where the same troop of Royalists had seized them both.

The two were silent. Quixarvyn had pulled out a short black pipe, had filled and lighted it and was now smoking tranquilly. His companion had also pulled out something from his breast, but it was not a pipe, it was the por-trait of a beautiful girl. He took a long look at the lovely face, a look which said farewell.

Quixarvyn watched him. In the dim light in which they sat he could not see the features of the portrait, but

he guessed how the case stood.

"Poor fellow!" he said, with more nderness than would have been exsted from his looks. Theu, after a nute's silence, he went on, as much to himself as to the other, "And yet my case is harder. I was in love-I am I give if I could look on it as you can look on yours!"

Dare looked at him with interest. "What!" he said, "have you also the same trouble-a poor girl who will go distracted when she hears of what has happened to you?"

"No." suid the other bitterly; "she will not go distracted; she has had enough of me, and I shall have the pain of dying unrevenged upon the knave who robbed me of her."

It was strange to see how in a moment his eyes had grown ablaze with passion. The young man looked at him in astonishment.

'Who was it?" he inquired. a "Who was it?" echoed the other. "Do you think if I knew that that I should now have cause to writhe at dying without crying quits with him? No. I do not know him. I only know she loved me, that she cooled toward me, that, when I asked her plainly whether she had found a younger and a better looking man she confessed that it was true and threw herself upon my generosity to set her free from our engagement. I did so-in a frenzy of mad passion. But when I asked her for his name she would not tell me. fearing, Idaresay that, I might twist his neck. I should soon have found him, but then this war broke out and in my rage I could not keep myself from rushing to the fight to cool my blood with blows. And so here I amgoing to be shot at daybreak. But I swear to heaven if I only had that fellow in my power for one brief minute I could die contented."

You are right," said the other; "I should feel the same."

Quixarvyn drew a portrait from his breast and held it out to his compan-

Look," he said, "is this a face to ilt a man? though it is one to drive him crazy. Let me look at yours-it is not more innocent than this one, I

young man took the portrait and at the same time handed him his own. Each looked in silence at the portrait in his hand-in a silence of amazement, of stupefaction. The two portraits represented the same person! Quimarvyn was the first to break the

"What!" he said, drawing a deep breath and bursting into a laugh, which was both flerce and glad, "you, was It? To think that I have found you after all! Fate is kinder to me than I

The other returned his gare. Well," he said, "It was I, it appears; though I never knew it, nor sussected it. And," he added simply, "it nos neen no one's fault."

Noone's fault?" "No no one's Mary Seldon liked ton, but she did not lese you, and when we met she found out her mistake. You frightened her with your mad homors Without mentioning pour name she told me the whole story. You could not make her happy, and I not until the tree was reached and the could that's the whole case. Do you horse was halted with head toward the

No." said Quixarvyn, thrusting the off between the lines, sat waiting that sorirait back into his breast, "I don't, be started, roused himself, and looked But I wave sworm to be equal with the about him.

Bavid Bare was standing on

-and I am going to do it.

eard outside the church the rattle of

igures turned to stone. Nor was the effect on their companions less remarkable. There was a moment's silence in the church, deep as the silence of the dead; then a movement-a long thrill of horror. That summons meant that day was breaking, and that their hour

The guards set instantly to work to prepare the first batch of prisoners to led out of the church. Dare and Quixarvyn were among the first seized. With about a dozen others they were marched into the open air. The gray dawn was scarcely giving way to the first streaks of sunrise as they passed out of the churchyard gates; but the whole village was wide awake and in a tumult of excitement; indeed, there had been little sleep that night. Every window was alive with terror stricken gazers as the party of doomed men, surrounded by a band of soldiers, were hurried through the narrow streets and out upon the open

At the border of the moor sat an offieer on horseback, surrounded by a troop of soldiers. Here the party halted and the guards saluted. The officer was a man of about 40, whose dandified appearance, which was as trim as that of a toy soldier newly painted, showed oddly in the midst of soldiers stained with buttle. This was Lord Feversham-a man in whose nature vanity, callousness and love of pleasure were about equally combined. His face was gay with pleasant expec-tation as the rebels were drawn up before him.

"Good!" he remarked. "These were all ringleaders, were they? Sergeant John, draw up your firing party and shoot down every man of them

The order was instantly obeyed. The firing party was drawn up: the prisoners were ranged in line at a few paces distance. At one extremity of the line David Dare and John Quixarvyn found themselves once more side

Feversham's right hand observed

"I know those two," he said, pointing to them with his finger. "Pity two such fellows should be done for. One of them is the best runner in the country side, and the other the best

"Eh? What?" said Feversham, standing up in his stirrups. "Hold there a moment, Sergeant; I spy a chance of gallant sport. What say you, Major?-a race between these two across the moor, the one on foot, the other mounted. Will you back the

The Major was a man of some hu manity. He reflected for a moment "Agreed!" he said. "And to insure that both shall do their best let the winner have the promise of his life."

Feversham received this proposal

with by no means a good grace, for to spare a rebel hurt him to the soul. But the delightful prospect of seeing two in love, God help me!-and I also have | men racing for their lives and of being her portrait in my breast. What would able, after all, to shoot the loser at palms; he had acted, he was acting not



THE BACK FOR LIFE. length reconciled him to the scheme He gave his orders and the two prisoners were led out of the line.

Out upon the moor, about a quarter of a mile away, stood a solitary tree. This was selected as the starting point. A double line of troopers was drawn up stretching from the tree to the spot where the General was stationed, leaving a space between them like a reecourse some yards wide. At the end of the course Feversham and the Major sat opposite each other. Whichever of the two competitors should pass between them first would be rewarded with his life and liberty.

And what were the sensations of the pair while these preparations were in

David Dare, standing before the muskets of the firing party, had heard the strange proposal with a thrill of hope, so keen that it was almost like a pain. Then for a moment his heart fell again, He knew his own speed of foot, but he knew also that against a fleet horse arged by a skillful rider spurring for dear life his chance was likely to be small. Still there was hope again, and he could do his best. More he could not do, though success meant life-and life with Mary Seldon. At the last thought his eyes glistened and he moved up the course between his guards with the keenness of a hound in leash. In the meantime a trooper had disounted, and Quixarvyn, armed with whip and spura, having taken his place in the saddle, the horne was led by a couple of soldiers to the starting point. Unlike his rival, Quixarvyn's face showed no elation. For one moment, on hearing the proposal, a gleam had come into his eyes, but now he rode with down bent head, as if lost in thought. A sentence seemed to be constantly running in his head-the sentence used by Dare in their quarrel in the church- You could not make her happy, and I could." He muttered the words over twenty times. It was

spot where Feversham, discernible far

-I will never believe he acted by fair right, stripped to the waist and wit h out his shoes, ready for the starter's Both men sprang to their feet at the the horse's bridle, and Sergeant John, who stood between the two competitions. At that moment there was tors, drew a pistol from his belt to give

the signal. The excitement at that moment was intense. Not a sound was heard in the still morning air, but all down the double lines were faces fixed intently on the two competitors. Feversham and the Major, with glasses at their eyes sat motionless as statues. Even the condemned men, forgetful of their own approaching doom, stretched their necks to catch a glimpse of the strange contest on which depended life and death for two of their companions

The Sergeant raised his pistol. The

At the same instant horse and man shot out together from the mark. At first the runner, practiced in flying from the start, and baving less momentum than the horse, drew out in front. In a few seconds he was some twenty yards ahead. Then the gap between them ceased to widen; then it was seen to be decreasing; the horse was gaining-slowly at first, but gaining surely, stride by stride. When half the couse was covered the horse had drawn up level-and then came such a race as had never yet been seen. For a hundred yards and more the two ran locked together, side by side, the runner almost flying over the crisp turf, the horse stretched out in a fierce gallop, with the rider standing in the stirrups. And now the goal was only fifty yards away; but the gazers drew a deep breath as they saw that now the borse was gaining—was drawing out in front. For one instant it seemed that all was over: the next, to their amazement, they were conscious that the horse was failing. Then they saw a gullant sight; they saw the runner nerve himself for a last effort, and close upon the goal, dash past the horse and past the judges and fall headlong on the turf.

At that scene, in spite of discipline, a frantic cheer broke forth along the line. Even Feversham himself smiled grimly, as one who, though he had just lost a bet, had gained its full equivalent in pleasurable excitement.

The winner, who had fallen panting and exhausted, was raised into a sitting posture by two troopers, one of whom poured a draught of brandy down his throat. The spirit almost instantly revived him, and in a few seconds he was able, though still weak and dizzy, to stand upon his feet and look about

A few paces off his beaten rival stood beside his horse. Dare looked at him, and their eyes met. Quixarvyn's face bore an almost imperceptible smile; but it was not this, but something in his look which the other could not have defined, which struck him backward like a shock. He staggered back a pace or two, bewildered by the light which broke upon his mind. Then he stepped up to his rival's side, and the guards, who saw no cause to interfere, falling back a little, he put his mouth close to Quixarvyn's ear:

"You pulled that horse!" he said. Quixarvyn looked at him, but anawered not a word.

"You let me win," the other went on his voice breaking. "For her sake you did it." Quixarvyn drove his nails into his

"Make her happy," he said, briefly. As he spoke he turned away and strode swiftly to his position at the head of the line of prisoners, before

whom the firing party was again drawn up. Dare turned his back upon the scene and thrust his fingers in his ears. Nevertheless, be could still hear with horrible distinctness the Sergeant's loud, clear voice, with an interval be-

tween the words-"Ready!" "Present!"

Almost as the word was given came the crash of the report. Moved by an impulse which he could not conquor he turned around with a shudder. The soldiers were lowering their smoking muskets, and a thick white cloud hung above the line of prisoners stretched upon the ground. At the extremity of the line Quixarvyn lay upon his face, with his right hand clenched upon a portrait which he had taken from his breast, and a bullet through his heart.

FINE WEATHER WE'RE HAVING. A Fact Appreciated by a Young Man with

an Extensive Vocabulary. We have a young society man in Detroit we are proud of. He is a society man who can be something else when he wants to be, and he wants to be quite frequently. He is a dry wit, and he delights in prodding society people whose capacity is limited to society. Most of all, he is against society talk. During the first week in October he was in New York and attended a reception, or rather a ten, at 5 o'clock.

"It's a charming day," observed the swell young woman he had met shortly after he had entered the room. "Yes," he admitted, because it was a

charming day. "We have been having very lovely weather for some time," she continued. "Yes," he responded, with the air of a man who knew what he was talking about and proposed to finish the subject completely before he was done with, "and the long spell of clear weather in the middle Atlantic states bids fair to last a day or two longer. The high pressure area still cover the states east of the Mississippi, with its center resting on the Atlantic coast, showing no inclination to pass off. This area brought much colder weather into the lake regions and the New England and middle Atlantic states on Saturday night. In northern New York and New England frests occurred. In this city yesterday was fair; highest official temperature, 60 degs.; lowest, 48 degs.; average humidity, 50 per cent.; wind, northwest; average velocity, twelve miles an

The girl gave a slight gasp and looked at him appealingly, but he was pitiless.

"I see by the United States signal service forecast," he went on, "that the indications are for New England generally fair and warmer weather, probably flowed by showers Monday night in extreme northern portions of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont; wind shifting to southeast. For eastern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jer-

sey and Delaware, fair and warme wind shifting to southeast. For the Dis-trict of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia. warmer; fair; winds shifting to south. For western New York, western Pennsylvania and Ohio, warmer and fair, probably followed at lake stations by local showers during the afternoon of night; southwest winds increasing force. Fair weather continues in all districts, except in the upper lake region and in the Dakotas, where local showers are reported. The area of high pressure has wed almost directly southward from the lake regions, and now covers the Atlantic coast from New England to the east gulf states. The slight depression which was central north of Montana on Saturday evening has moved eastward to Lake Superior, and a second disturbance is apparently advancing from the region north of Montana, the baromete being relatively high over the Rocky mountain districts. It is much cooler in the middle Atlantic states. The temperature continues low in New England and New York, where frosts occurred this morning, and it is warmer in the upper lake regions and in the upper Missippi valley. Generally fair weather will continue throughout the central valleys and in the districts on the Atlantic coast, with warmer southwesterly winds from Virginia, northward to New England."

Then he smiled sweetly and would have heard what the girl had to say about it, but she didn't have anything to say—she was speechless, and he passed on to the next one, smiling as before.— Detroit Free Press.

He Had Good Taste. There were very few ladies at the political mass meeting, and the big feminine hat with four feathers thereupon was very conspicuous by reason of its loneliness. The face beneath it wore a puzzled, half distressed look. A tall young man was introduced and

fell to smiting the rafters with his elo-"Great stuff," gleefully commented the party beside the face beneath the

hat, evidently an escort. The face smiled acquiescence and

grew radiant with delight. Sensible." "Very."

"Good taste." "Perfect."

The face glowed with pleasure.

"His language is so well chosen," observed the party beside it.

The face faded into an expression of

ettled reproach. "Language"-The face was exclaiming disdainfully. -"nothing. Just see how lovely his necktie matches his eyes!"

Presently the band played, and the face beneath the big hat withdrew in company with the party next to it.-Ex-



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